Sot's Paradiſe:

OR,

The HUMOURS of a

Derby-Ale-Houſe:

WITH

A SATYR

UPON THE

ALE.

The Second Edition.

LONDON, Printed in the Year, 1699.

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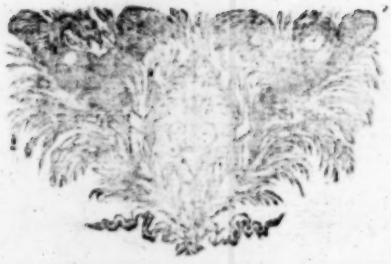

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THE PRINTER TO THE READER

READer, *what e'er the* Author *truly meant*
I know not, but he told me his intent
Was not to Lampoon, or Reflect on any;
But thro' Neceſſity he writ, like many,
In Pinch-Gut Times, *to get the* Ready Penny.

Suppoſe (ſaid I) *you've anger'd ſome Bravado,*
I hate the ſtanding of a Baſtinado?

Poh, poh, *ſaid he*, ſuch Dangers never heed,
I'de ſuch a Cockſcomb Ridicule indeed,
Each Sentence ſhould have *Gaul* and *Venom* in't,
Which you, to recompence your Drubs, ſhall print:

Mortals

Mortals have oft, to their diſtruction, found,
Poets, like *Gods*, can at a diſtance Wound.

I thank you Sir (ſaid I) *ſuch Verſe, I doubt,*
S'But a poor Plaiſter for a batter'd Snout.

He preſs the Copy forward, I ſeem'd ſhie,
Till by theſe words he brought me to comply.

The Characters are random writ, God knows,
Slightly diſpatch'd; deſign'd, like *Saleſmans* Cloaths,
For no one in particular, but where
They beſt by chance ſhall fit, for them to wear.

Nay then, ſaid I, if any Sot can find
His Picture here, and not as his deſign'd,
And Angry be, I'll hire the Author then,
To whet his Wits, and Write as Keen again:
Since I can juſtly ſay (to ſave my Bacon)
I no Offence intend, I pray let none be taken.

SOTS

Sot's Paradiſe:

OR,

The HUMOURS of a

Derby-Ale-Houſe,

WHEN anxious Thoughts my troubled Brains poſſeſt,
And the wild Hag rid ſtraddling o'er my Breaſt,
Loaded with Sorrow, I purſu'd my reſt.

My Pockets far too empty were for *Wine*.
That *Noble Juice*! That *Cordial* of the *Vine*!
By *Humane Race* ſo juſtly held *Divine*.

To eaſe my Cares I ſtumbl'd into *R*——'s,
Sots Paradiſe, ſo Fam'd of latter days;
For *Derby-Ale*, it bears away the *Bays*.

Thro' Entry dark I th' *Tippling Manſion* ſought,
Whoſe cloſe Dimenſions rais'd a Jealous thought
I'd been *Trappan'd*, and in a *Mouſe-Trap* caught.

Like *Weesel* thro' a Cranny thus I crept;
And as he *Screams*, so I a *Murm'ring* kept;
Now Paus'd and Swore, then Gropt, and forward step't.

Through stumbling craggy Ways the Godly steal
To Heaven, whence I concluded, without fail,
This narrow Path must lead to Heavenly Ale.

But in this *Pot-gun* Passage did I meet
A bulky Sot, who forc'd me to Retreat;
And shot me, like a Pellat, to the Street.

I gain'd the Barr by several Essays,
Where mourning Widow sat with doleful Face;
And on each Hand a Room, but ne'er a Place.

I turn'd to th' Left, and did amongst them squeese,
There heard some *Belch*, some *Fart*, and others *Sneeze*;
Buzzing and Humming like a Hive of Bees.

This Room I did for Ease and Cleanness chuse,
The *Chappel* call'd, from having *Seats* like *Pews*,
Where grizled *Sots* sit nodding o'er the *News*.

With painful jostling I a Place possest,
Sat down, then *Belch'd* and *Farted* like the rest,
Thump'd with my Fist, and cry'd I broke a Jest.

In comes a Female Tapſtreſs, Pale and Wan,
Sod'n with the fumes of what ſhe'd Drank and Drawn,
Looks worſe than the green Girl who wants a Man.

Sir do you pleaſe, I pray, to have your Ale
Drawn New, or with a little daſh of Stale?
I gave her anſwer, and ſhe ſoon turn'd Tail.

One ſage old Bard next Chimney Nook was got,
Fix'd as a *Statue*, motionleſs he ſat,
His Eyes regarding neither Who nor What.

This ſpeechleſs Image moſt I did admire,
No *Derby* could this Mortal Lump Inſpire,
Who like Old Puſs, ſat Purring o'er the Fire.

One whim he had was often put in play,
By Name ſalute this Monumental Clay,
He Huffs and Puffs, ſtarts up and runs away.

Then in thruſts one, ſtrives hard to get a Place;
Witty in Words, and Satyr in his Face,
Thus boldly ſpeaks in *Derby-Ales* diſgrace.

Pox on't, ſaid he, *I Yeſterday ſtept in,*
And drank Nine Tankards to divert my Splean,
It fail'd, and now I'm come to drink Nineteen.

At Squire's *I heard a Beaux ſo Damn and Sink it,*
Four Tankards numb'd his Wits, you wou'd not think it;
He ſwore we all are Clod-skul'd Sots who drink it.

This much diſgrunt'l'd all the ſwilling Herd,
Who grin'd, and at him enviouſly ſtar'd,
In anſwer not a Mortal wag'd his Beard.

One Gapes, a ſecond Nods, a third he Winks,
A fourth he Smoaks, a fifth blows Pipe and Drinks,
Not One in Ten that either *Talks* or *Thinks*.

Thus ſeldom *Speak*, unleſs 'tis to complain
Of Phthiſick, Stone, the Gout, or ſome old Pain
That grieves them ſorely, when the Moon's i'th' *Wane*.

Here worn-out *Sinners* at their Ails repine,
(The Herd thus ſympathetically joyn)
All Grunting o'er their *Hogwaſh Ale* like *Swine*.

Up riſes now and then, a brawny *Sot*,
Before the Fire he turns his Arſe about,
Hauks up his Flegm, then Spitting ſtaggers out.

With me this ſmoaky Clime did not agree,
Theſe *Sots* too Grave were, that's too Dull, for me;
No Talk is worſe than much Loquacity.

Willing

Willing to take a General *Survey*,
T obſerve the *Difference* in *Mortal Clay*,
I ſtole from thence, to the next Room made way.

This call'd the *Bear-Garden*, where at a Table
I heard, amongſt a wild Promiſcuous *Rabble*,
More *Tongues confus'd* then ere were known at *Babel*.

A *Beau* repeating to his friend a *Novel*,
Two *Lawyers* in *Diſpute* began to *Cavel*,
A fifth, with Chalk, was ſcoring out an *Oval*.

And, being as cunning as a *Hocus Pocus*,
Had laid a Wager with a *John* a *Nokus*,
He'd with a *Thred* and *Pins* find out the *Focus*.

A *Scholar*, next, of *Batchelor's* Degree,
Standing four Years at *Univerſitie*,
Roſe up and flung a *Witticiſm* at me.

I lik'd the *Sport*, and did retort the ſame;
I *hit* him *Home* according to my *Aim*;
But could not get his *Hair Brain'd fury* tame.

So *Learn'd* he ſeem'd, ſo *Witty* in *Diſcourſe*,
He'd hold me all the *Money* in his *Purſe*,
Tho' I ſeem'd *Man*, he'd prove me but a *Horſe*.

I gravely ſaid it did his *Skill* ſurpaſs,
And, in return, I inſtanc'd him a *Caſe*
Wherein a *Scholar* prov'd himſelf an *Aſs*.

He ſmelt a *Rat*, and found he was miſtaken,
Shut up his *Brains*, true knowledge had forſaken,
And dwindl'd into *News* to ſave his *Bacon*.

A *little Captain*, tho' of *great Renown*,
Cock'd up his Hat, ſwore *Zoons*; and then ſat down,
Out-chatter'd all the *Magpies* in the Town.

He talk'd of *Heros*, *Hectors*, and *Bravadoes*,
Of *Gaſhes*, *Slaſhes*, *Cuts*, and *Carbonadoes*,
Of *Cannons*, *Mortars*, *Bombs* and *Hand Granadoes*.

The *Valiant Pigmy*, eagre to declare
His *Broils* in *Taverns*, not *Exploits* in *War*,
Teas'd me with *Nonſence* more than I could bear.

The *Dialect* he retain'd he learn'd at Nurſe,
And that his *Words* might be of greater force,
He tagg'd each *Sentence* with an *Oath* or *Curſe*.

A *Dapper Blade* was Squeez'd among the reſt,
Who would have made each *Word* he ſpoke a *Jeſt*;
Aim'd at *much Wit*, but *little* he poſſeſt.

Like *Ill Rung Bells* he did *Confus'dly* Nock
His *Ill Tun'd Words* to hammer out a *Joak*,
Whoſe *Tongue* out-run the *Larum* of a *Clock*.

This *Mortal* prov'd a *Midnight Magiſtrate*,
Who ask's us, *Why ſo drunk, and why ſo late?*
Little in *Perſon*, tho' in *Office* Great.

He Huckles much, tho' what by that he means,
Let *Oldish*, *Shirley*, or ſuch Learned Brains,
T' inform the World, imploy their Skilful Pens.

Next ſat a *Drone*, whoſe VVits had but a Dull-Edge,
His *Gravity* and nice *Grammatick* Knowledge,
Spoke him ſome Senior *Cock's comb* of a *Colledge*.

He Learned Reaſons offer'd unto ſome,
VVhy *Gerounds* end in *di*, in *do*, or *dum*,
They grave attention gave, and ſat *hum Drum*.

Next him a Spark bedaw'd with Golden Twine,
So very *Grave*, and eke ſo very *Fine*,
I took him for ſome *Stateſman* on Deſign.

Some humble *Lord*, ſo generouſly free,
Seeking *Applauſe* and *Popularity*,
Came here to Court the good *Mobility*.

I turn'd about, and view'd him for a ſpace,
No Sword he'd on, and in his *Mein* no Grace,
Dulneſs inſtead of *Grandure* in his Face.

My Judgment err'd, I quickly found its failure,
No *Honour* in his Speech, in's Looks no *Valour*,
A *Lord*, thought I! Wounds, this muſt be a *Taylor*.

When e're he ſpoke, it matter was of fact,
So Emphatical his Words, and ſo compact,
No *Strowling Player* could be more exact.

Againſt him *Teague*, an *Iriſh* Barber ſat,
Who has a Thouſand Whimſies in his Pate,
Makes *Wigs*, tunes *Bagpipes*, does the Lord knows what.

By chance, ſaid I, *What is't a Clock I Pray?*
After ſome time he'd ſtudy'd what to ſay,
He Anſwer'd, *By my Shoul 'tis Shaturday.*

Each loving each, as truly as a Brother,
In all things act alike, *Speak*, *Drink* and *Smother*,
Delight, as *Monkeys*, to *Buffoon* each other.

Like the *Twin-Stars*, theſe two United are
It's no great matter whether both appear,
If you ſee one, in him the other's there.

The

The *Ale* at laſt to theſe weak Noddles ſtole,
Supply'd the want of *Brains* in every *Skull*,
And made them *Merry*, tho' it made me *Dull*.

The *Taylor* begg'd of his *Reverſe* a *Tune*,
Teague for his *Bagpipes* ſent, and fix'd his *Drone*,
Then Play'd *Dundee*'s Farwel, and Sung *O hone*.

This pleas'd the *Mob*, and made them hoop and hollow,
As when the *Bear-Dog*, againſt the *Fellow*,
Pins down the *Bull*, and makes him Roar and Bellow.

I Tear'd and Tir'd with this *Bear-Garden* Play,
In doleful dumps did for Ten Tankards Pay,
And *Sick*, not *Drunk*, I homewards ſteer'd my way.

A SATYR UPON Derby-Ale.

BASE and Ignoble Flegm, dull DERBY-ALE,
Thou canst o'er none but Brainless *Sots* prevail;
Chokes them if *New*, and *Sowr* art if *Stale*.

Thou drown'st no Care, or do'st thou Elevate;
Instead of quenching Drouth, do'st Drouth create,
Makes us dull *Sots* at an expensive rate.

Old English Ale, which Upstart Fops disdain
Brew'd by our Grandfires, Chear'd the Heart of Man,
Quench'd Drouth with pleasure, and prolong'd their Span.

But thou! *Poor Slime*, thou art not *Ale*, for why?
Thou neither Cheares the Heart, or Brisks the Eye;
The more we Drink the more we still are Dry.

Rare

Rare Fat'ning *Swill*, to Belly up Lean Gueſt,
It feeds a Man in ſix Months to a Beaſt,
And gives him bulk for a *Church-Ward'n* at leaſt.

Puff'd up with thee, Diſpirited, Debas'd,
We into *Gray*'s-Inn reel (O Pump be prais'd)
There Quench that Drouth thy Treacly Dregs have rais'd.

One hearty Draught prepares for Pipe of Funk,
Three Tankards whets my Appetite for Punk,
Four makes me Sick, but Ten wont make me Drunk.

O'er *Nipperkins* of thee ſix Hours I ſit,
Till ſpent my Total, and benum'd my Wit,
Thus nothing have, and juſt for nothing ſit.

Our Wits, or Thoughts, thou never canſt advance
Above th' affairs of *Poland*, or of *France*,
Wounds! Thou'rt a Booby to a Cup of *Nantes*.

Thou'rt fit for thoſe who are from Troubles free,
Thou Cur'ſt no *Spleen*, thou art unfit for me,
I'd's live almoſt drink *Adam*'s Ale as thee.

Thou mak'ſt us Fat in little time, 'tis true,
The ſame will *Swins-Fleſh* and *Potatoes* do;
They covet Fleſh, not Brains, that follow you.

Thou

Thou Noble Ale! Mere Caudle, and unfit
For Men of Care to drink or Men of Wit,
Poor *Englifh Coffee* for a ploding *Cit*.

Guzzle for Carmen, Foggy and unfine,
For nothing fit but to Exhauft our Coin,
Water to Brandy, and fmall-Beer to Wine.

Forgive my drowfy Muſe where e'er fhe nods,
She's not Inſpir'd or Tutor'd by the Gods,
She Rhimes o'er *Ale*, others o'er *Wine*, that's odds.

What if you ſay fhe's Dull, it's no great matter,
Croſs Muddy Ale's a heavy Theam for Satyr;
Tom Brown be judge, or honeſt *Ben Bridgewater*.